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SIR:—There being some doubt whether you have yet received an acknowledgment from me of the kind letter you addressed to me in March last, announcing the arrival of a book which you had published on the Arctic Regions, I beg to inform you that I received that kind communication, and at a subsequent period the book in question. For this very kind mark of your consideration I beg to offer you my grateful thanks, as well as for the expressions of generous sympathy of which you, as well as the American people in general, give me so many proofs. The preface by Dr. LORD, and the appendix embracing the report of the gallant American Expedition, give great additional value to your republication of Mr. SIMMOND'S work. With many thanks for your great kindness,

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

LITERATURE.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.*

I.

Two colonies, properly so called, have been established by our forefathers, in the seventeenth century: New Netherlands, in North America, and the Cape Colony in Africa. In other parts of the world they erected factories, made princes and nations their tributaries, or created plantations by the aid of slave labor; here only a somewhat important (though yet too small) number of Dutch citizens settled to till the soil with their own hands, or to raise flocks of cattle. Both colonies have been lost to the mother country; but their subsequent history is a glory to our nation. For, if at this moment New York may be termed the richest and most powerful member of the North American Union, and, for that reason, is sometimes, with pardonable pride, called by its citizens the "*Empire State*;" if the capital of that State, the former New Amsterdam, surpasses the old Amsterdam, at least in population—we may boast that it was the Dutch who laid the first foundations of that greatness. But even more honorable is it to our nation, that at New York as well as at the Cape of Good Hope the people highly esteem their Netherlands origin. In regard to the inhabitants of the Cape, this fact is not so extraordinary. Only forty years have elapsed since this colony became a part of the British empire; the generation that has lived under the Dutch government is not yet wholly extinct. A large portion of the population continues to unite with our nation in language and opinions, and the Dutch *boor*, who, far in the interior of the country, and surrounded only by his family, lives in solitude, knows of no other Bible than that published by order of the States-General. Quite different is the case as to New York. For one hundred and seventy years that State has ceased to bear the name of New Netherlands; the English principle fills the place of the Dutch one; our language is known only to very few of its inhabitants; our manners and customs exist among them in mere cloudy traditions. And notwithstanding all this, the political and scientific men of New York avow on every occasion, and with kind feelings, that it was the Netherlands people who first carried over the dawn of civilization to the then solitary banks of the Hudson. They spare neither labor nor expense to find out even trifling particulars relating to the first founders of their State. They consider it a title of honor to be the offspring of the first planters who emigrated, in the seventeenth century, from our provinces to New Amsterdam, or to *Fort Oranje* (now Albany); nay, if it were not in contradiction to their republican equality, they would esteem their Dutch extraction as a kind of nobility.

There is in all this something so flattering to the patriotic feelings, that I felt a real pleasure in receiving some time ago, from a friendly hand, a volume full of new tokens of the kind sympathies cherished by the

people of New York for their Dutch ancestors.

For this publication we are indebted to the New York Historical Society, existing since 1804, in the city of New York, an association of scientific men, whose cares, originally, extended to everything in connexion with the natural, political, and ecclesiastical history of the United States, but with which the history of the State of New York gradually became preponderant. This Society possesses a valuable collection of books, manuscripts, and medals; and in its rooms, for some years, historical lectures have been delivered. From 1811 to 1828, four volumes of proceedings have been published, containing a large quantity of interesting documents about New Netherlands; from the two first volumes Mr. Lambrechtser Van Ritthem has borrowed much for his important history of this colony. Some time ago the Society commenced the publication of a second series of annals. The first volume of this series is before me, and is the book I mentioned. The title runs: "Collections of the New York Historical Society. Second Series. Vol. I. New York: printed for the Society. 1841." I felt desirous to give, through the medium of this estimable review, a more general publicity to the contents of these "Collections," probably not in many hands in this country. I thought they had a claim to this publicity in the Netherlands; for almost all the documents contained in this volume are relative to the establishment and acts of the Dutch in the actual New York, and so far an episode of our history. But, even if this were not the case, the fact that, in our times, at New York, a learned Society publishes a neatly printed volume of 486 pages, in large 8vo. size, filled up, for the greater part, with translations into English, from Dutch publications, and in which are contained, entire, small volumes for a long while obsolete with us, or only to be met with in the libraries of a few collectors; this fact alone would deserve a special commemoration.

Even the title of the book has something attractive. It bears as its motto, in the original Dutch language, the eulogistic testimony given by Hudson (according to his journal, preserved in De Laet's work) to the banks of the river discovered by him in 1609, in behalf of the Netherlands, and called after his name: "t is het schoonste landt om te bouwen als ick oyt myn leven met voeten Vetrat." A map of New Netherlands, and a view of New Amsterdam, in 1656, face the title, both faithfully copied from the map and the engraving in the work of Van der Donck, more fully mentioned hereafter. The map is remarkable for the quantity of Dutch names of islands, rivers, and places in that part of North America; for the greater part they have been changed into English denominations, or so altered as to be hardly known again; the engraving is interesting, because it shows the actual New York, such as it was two centuries ago: a small fort and church, surrounded by a few ranges of humble, genuine Dutch habitations.

In the preface, signed by Mr. Geo. Folsom, to whom the Society intrusted the publication of this volume, it is stated that its contents consist merely of materials for a future historian, and that the "Collections" now published are composed of documents forming, almost without exception, the annals of the Dutch colonists, who originally carried over the arts of civilization to the banks of

the Hudson. To this statement the editor joins the following paragraph, which I am eager to translate, because in this country there are persons of high reputation who question the enthusiasm for Old Netherlands shown sometimes at New York and at Albany, because the New York author, Washington Irving, has, in a much read publication, covered with ridicule his countrymen of Dutch origin: "It is remarked by Grahame, in his recent elaborate work upon the History of the United States, that 'Founders of ancient colonies have sometimes been deified by their successors. New York is perhaps the only commonwealth whose founders have been covered with ridicule from the same quarter.' Whatever may be thought of the wit and talent displayed in the well known travesty here alluded to, the regret has often been expressed, that a son of New York should have seen fit to make the fathers of the republic the subjects of a 'coarse caricature,' in which the inventive ingenuity of the author is only equalled by the grossness of his conceptions. The effort was well suited to the English notions of the Dutch character, too common, perhaps, among ourselves, and thus easily acquired an ill-deserved popularity."*

"English writers," says Mr. Verplanck, in his learned Discourse before this Society, "have long been accustomed to describe the manners and customs of Holland with a broad and clumsy exaggeration. This is a little injudicious in them, because most of their wit, if wit it may be called, recoils back upon their own country, and strikingly resembles the flippant ridicule which their own more lively neighbors have lavished upon the hard-drinking, the oaths, the gross amusements, the dingy coffee-houses, the boxing matches, the beer, and the coal-smoke of the proud and melancholy islanders. Their old maritime contests and commercial rivalry may serve to excuse this misrepresentation in Englishmen, but for us there is no apology."

The volume which is prefaced by this spontaneous vindication of our nation, contains the following sixteen documents:

I. An Anniversary Discourse, delivered on St. Nicholas' day, 1828, before the New York Historical Society, by its then President, Chancellor James Kent. In his discourse, reprinted in these collections on account of its high interest, the orator gives an elaborate review of the history of New York. Two striking features of this history are more particularly mentioned: the humble but honorable origin of the State, and the glory gathered by its inhabitants in the struggle for North America's Independence. In treating the first point, he says—"The Dutch discoverers and settlers of New Netherlands were grave, temperate, firm, persevering men, who brought with them the industry, the economy, the simplicity, the integrity, and the bravery of their Belgic sires; and with those virtues they also imported the lights of the Roman civil law, and the purity of the Protestant faith." Next, he gives great credit to the government of New Netherlands for their living upon friendly terms with the still powerful Indian tribes, in whose dominions the new colony was settled. Ac-

* Rather late in the day, this, for our ancient friend Diedrich Knickerbocker—whose own broad laughter is the best cure of its own mischief. It has been unfortunate, perhaps, though, that the jest preceded the History. The poet should by fair rights, as an Irishman might say, have the start of the parodist!—EDS. LIT. WORLD.

* Translated by M. F. A. G. Campbell, Assistant Librarian of the Royal Library at the Hague, from the Dutch literary review, "*Algemeene Konst*," on Letterbode voor het jaar 1845. Published at Haarlem (Holland). The original article was written by Mr. D. Veegens, a gentleman who holds the office of Grefier of the second chamber of the States-General of the Netherlands, corresponding to that of Clerk of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

cording to his opinion, the reason of this harmony between both races was to be found in the circumstance that the Dutch always recognised the Indian right to the soil, and never took possession of any part of the land but that which was procured by purchase. The conquest of the colony by the English, in 1664, is regarded by him as an event favorable, through its consequences, even to the Dutch inhabitants. Among these happy consequences, he mentions that the perilous controversies with their more powerful British neighbors were finished at once and for ever; within a few years they participated in the blessings of a representative government; they exchanged the Roman jurisprudence for the English common law, in Mr. Kent's opinion of freer spirit, and affording better security to every citizen. In this part of his discourse the author says: "The Dutch and English inhabitants became thoroughly united, and formed but one indivisible people. The Dutch race in this colony kept at least equal pace with their English brethren, in every estimable qualification of good citizens. Through all the subsequent periods of our eventful story, down to the present day, they have furnished their full proportion of competent men. This they have done in every variety of situation in which our country was placed, whether in peace or in war: and whatever was the duty in which they were engaged, whether in the civil or military, political or professional departments." The following note is added: "It is worthy of notice that the only two regiments of infantry from this State, in the line of the army of the United States at the close of the American war, were commanded by Dutchmen. I allude to the regiments commanded by Col. Van Cortlandt and Col. Van Schaick. And I hope, I may be permitted to add, without meaning any invidious comparisons, that we have now living in this State, in advanced life, three lawyers of Dutch descent, who are not surpassed anywhere in acuteness of mind, in sound law learning, and in moral worth. The reader will readily perceive that I have in my eye Egbert Benson, Peter Van Schaack, and Abraham Van Vechten."

II. The letter forwarded by the Florentine navigator, Giovanni de Verrazzano to Francis I., King of France, in 1524, giving an account of the discovering expedition entered into by him in that year, at the expense of that prince. This document is published in the original Italian, and in an English translation. It proves that Verrazzano, at that period, had coasted along a large part of North America's eastern shore, and some people conclude from it that he entered the mouth of the Hudson and communicated there with the natives. If this supposition be true, the first discovery of the actual New York is not to be attributed to the Dutch, or to Hudson, Captain of a Dutch vessel. But when this navigator hoisted our flag on that part of the new world, the remembrance of the former short apparition of Europeans (having taken place eighty-five years before that period) had entirely vanished. The voyage of Verrazzano was not intended to make discoveries about the Continent of America, but to find out a shorter way towards "China Cathay" (as it was called then), and, consequently, to discover the same northwest passage, of which the existence, even in our days and after so many exploring expeditions, continues a problem.

III. The tradition of the first arrival of the Dutch at the island Manhattan (the spot where afterwards New Amsterdam, or New York, was built), as preserved among the Indian tribes in the neighborhood. It was communicated, nearly eighty years ago, by the inhabitants to the Moravian missionary, Heekewelder, who for several years had lived among them. The oratorical style of the North American Indians is given, in this account, with the greatest fidelity. The author states that he is indebted for it to some of the aged and respected men of the tribes of the Delawares, Monseys, and Mahicanni. These are the Mohicans we know from an interesting romance by Cooper; they were called, by the Dutch settlers, Monhicans or Mahicanders. According to this tradition, when Hudson's vessel anchored opposite Manhattan, the Indians never had seen such a thing before. They at first supposed it to be a supernatural phenomenon; afterwards they believed that their great Being, their Manitto or Menutto, was to visit them in his large canoe. From this account it appears, moreover, that on the first meeting with the Indians, on York-island, Hudson offered brandy to them; that they drank it after some hesitation, and felt happier than ever before; and that, henceforth, this place was called in their language: *the island or place of general intoxication*. The poor wretches did not know that the intoxicating beverage they so eagerly swallowed on that occasion, would be one of the causes of the gradual extirpation of their descendants, nay! of the whole Indian race.

IV. Next follows, in this volume, an English translation, entire, of the already mentioned publication: "Korte beschryving van de ontdekking en der verdere lotgevallen van Nieuw-Nederland, weleer eene volkplanting van het gemeenebest der Vereenigde Nederlanden in America, door Mr. N. C. Lambrechtsen van Ritthem. Te Middelburg by S. van Benthem, 1818." This publication of a distinguished countryman, the first who gave a somewhat complete account of what is to be found in regard to New-Netherlands, receives great praise even for its elegant style, from the editor, Mr. Folsom. The translation was made shortly after the publication of the original, by: "F. A. Van der Kemp, who was originally from Holland, but resided for many years at the village of Oldenbarneveldt, near Utica, (an extraordinary connexion of names!) where, with his friend, Col. Mappa, he was among the original proprietors of the soil. He was a fine classical scholar, and a volunteer patriot in the cause of America while struggling for independence. To the same Mr. Van der Kemp the task of translating the records of the Dutch colony was committed by Gov. De Witt Clinton, in 1818, which he is believed to have executed with great clearness and accuracy. These documents filling 24 (25) folio volumes, deposited in the office of the Secretary of State, at Albany, form an invaluable repository of materials for the future historian." Mr. Van der Kemp, at his death, left his translation of Lambrechtsen's History in manuscript, and it is now published, after having been revised by Mr. Folsom, who was aware that the translator was less acquainted with the English language than the Dutch. Notwithstanding this additional care, the ideas of the author have, in many instances, not been fully expressed.

HAWTHORNE'S BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.*

It has been generally understood among that portion of the community—not so inconsiderable in numbers as it once was—which looks forward with interest to the announcement of another book by Nathaniel Hawthorne, that the new publication of this author would be based upon his experience of a certain Brook Farm Association, a kind of æsthetic labor establishment, some years since started at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and of which, oddly enough, Hawthorne was a member. In some sense the Preface to the *Blithedale Romance* admits this to be the case, merely, however, to the extent of gaining a little local scenery, and a fanciful habitation for a few purely fictitious characters. Any one who expects to see Ripley of the *Tribune*, his companions Dana and Curtis, the Howdaji, "shown up" in this volume, had better reserve his coin in his breeches-pocket, and leave this book unpurchased. A *Romance* by Nathaniel Hawthorne means no such literal or decipherable interpretation of the real world. It is a step into quite another existence, ghostly, ideal, unsubstantial, where thinly-draped spiritualities float hither and thither in their limbo of vanities.

For ourselves we should like to have seen this experiment at social life treated in a more matter-of-fact way—as an objective thing—a subject, after all the heroics were disposed of, for humor, good nature, and laughter. If Charles Dickens, for instance, with his large, healthy, observing eye, had been among the members for a fortnight, or that choice spirit, the author of "Paul Pry," had, in the best-natured way in the world, turned his steps to Roxbury after his celebrated visit to Little Pedlington! But this, as we have said, is a treatment which Hawthorne never could have contemplated. Still we cannot but think, for this world, the preservation of the flesh and blood texture about our ghostliness something very desirable. It may be a searching, conscientious operation on rare occasions to take our spirits out of their bodily cases and look at them nakedly, even in the thin, dry atmosphere of New England speculation; but we are convinced that, for the ordinary entertainment of life, such spectacles are, to say the least, unprofitable. Bodies are given to us for protection of the soul.

Hawthorne is a delicate spiritual anatomist, with scalpel and probe in hand, demonstrating to the minutest fibre the constitution of the human heart, and like every-day surgeons oftener and more curiously exhibiting disease than health.

The spiritualities and more powerful scenes of this book are not to be brought into the glare of a weekly newspaper. The reader will find them in the volume, of a strength and nicety of grasp not inferior to the handwriting of the *Scarlet Letter*, or the tragedy of the *Seven Gables*.

We shall let the author speak, in our extracts, in another vein, where his well-balanced views of the world present themselves with a pungent, truth-telling, satirical flavor.

One of the most welcome personages of the book, as a hard-handed, practical fellow, is Silas Foster, the hired farmer and nucleus to the labor of the model establishment. While the rest of the *dramatis personæ* flit

* The *Blithedale Romance*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

before us in the day-dream of the romance (to be carefully distinguished from the novel of every-day life), poetizing, analysing, and ready to pounce upon one another's minds, Silas is stuffing himself with bacon, hoeing potatoes, raking fodder, and playing Sancho Panza in a hard-working, Yankee style, to the Quixotism about him. A hint, at the first evening spent in the Phalanstery, lets us into Hawthorne's notion of the scheme as an immediate remedy for the world's selfishness. The reformers had entered their garden of Eden, but human nature had slipped in unseen with them:—

IS IT FOR THIS?

"Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation; but when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance:

"Which man among you," quoth he, 'is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton fair, and buy half a dozen pigs.'

"Pigs! Good heavens! had we come out from among the swinish multitude for this? And, again, in reference to some discussion about raising early vegetables for the market:

"We shall never make any hand at market-gardening," said Silas Foster, 'unless the women folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We haven't team enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city folks as worth one common field-hand. No, no; I tell you, we should have to get up a little too early in the morning, to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston.'

"It struck me as rather odd, that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labor. But, to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of new hostility, rather than new brotherhood. Nor could this fail to be the case, in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves."

In the motley little circle of Blithewood is a reforming blacksmith, with a hobby of his own. He has his weaknesses, in the course of the book, but we owe his ponderous sledge-hammer thanks for one well-planted blow at the absurdities of Fourier—to whose system a leading weekly newspaper in this city, a few years since, devoted a column or so daily! Why has this peculiar application of the public press been abandoned?

FOURIER'S SEA OF LEMONADE.

"Being much alone, during my recovery, I read interminably in Mr. Emerson's Essays, the Dial, Carlyle's works, George Sand's romances (lent me by Zenobia), and other books which one or another of the brethren or sisterhood had brought with them. Agreeing in little else, most of these utterances were like the cry of some solitary sentinel, whose station was on the outposts of the advanced guard of human progression; or, sometimes, the voice came sadly from among the shattered ruins of the past, but yet had a hopeful echo in the future. They were well adapted (better, at least, than any other intellectual products, the volatile essence of which had heretofore tintured a printed page) to pilgrims like ourselves, whose present bivouac was considerably further into the waste of

chaos than any mortal army of crusaders had ever marched before. Fourier's works, also, in a series of horribly tedious volumes, attracted a good deal of my attention, from the analogy which I could not but recognise between his system and our own. There was far less resemblance, it is true, than the world chose to imagine, inasmuch as the two theories differed, as widely as the zenith from the nadir, in their main principles.

"I talked about Fourier to Hollingsworth, and translated, for his benefit, some of the passages that chiefly interested me.

"When, as a consequence of human improvement," said I, 'the globe shall arrive at its final perfection, the great ocean is to be converted into a particular kind of lemonade, such as was fashionable at Paris in Fourier's time. He calls it *limonade a cèdre*. It is positively a fact! Just imagine the city docks filled, every day, with a flood-tide of this delectable beverage!'

"Why did not the Frenchman make punch of it, at once?" asked Hollingsworth. 'The jack-tars would be delighted to go down in ships and do business in such an element.'

"I further proceeded to explain, as well as I modestly could, several points of Fourier's system, illustrating them with here and there a page or two, and asking Hollingsworth's opinion as to the expediency of introducing these beautiful peculiarities into our own practice.

"Let me hear no more of it!" cried he, in utter disgust. 'I never will forgive this fellow! He has committed the unpardonable sin; for what more monstrous iniquity could the devil himself contrive than to choose the selfish principle—the principle of all human wrong, the very blackness of man's heart, the portion of ourselves which we shudder at, and which it is the whole aim of spiritual discipline to eradicate—to choose it as the master-workman of his system? To seize upon and foster whatever vile, petty, sordid, filthy, bestial, and abominable corruptions have cankered into our nature, to be the efficient instruments of his infernal regeneration! And his consummated Paradise, as he pictures it, would be worthy of the agency which he counts upon for establishing it. The nauseous villain!'

"Nevertheless," remarked I, 'in consideration of the promised delights of his system—so very proper, as they certainly are, to be appreciated by Fourier's countrymen—I cannot but wonder that universal France did not adopt his theory, at a moment's warning. But is there not something very characteristic of his nation in Fourier's manner of putting forth his views? He makes no claim to inspiration. He has not persuaded himself—as Swedenborg did, and as any other than a Frenchman would, with a mission of like importance to communicate—that he speaks with authority from above. He promulgates his system, so far as I can perceive, entirely on his own responsibility. He has searched out and discovered the whole counsel of the Almighty, in respect to mankind, past, present, and for exactly seventy thousand years to come, by the mere force and cunning of his individual intellect!'

"Take the book out of my sight," said Hollingsworth, with great virulence of expression, 'or, I tell you fairly, I shall fling it in the fire! And as for Fourier, let him make a Paradise, if he can, of Gehenna, where, as I conscientiously believe, he is floundering at this moment!'

"And bellowing, I suppose," said I—not that I felt any ill-will towards Fourier, but merely wanted to give the finishing touch to Hollingsworth's image—"bellowing for the least drop of his beloved *limonade a cèdre*!"

We do not get quite so much of the na-

tural history, of the trees, plants, and animals of the establishment as we anticipated, though when the current of the romance allows us a glimpse of the scenery, it is always seen in Hawthorne's quiet, faithful colors. We could have wished more of this:—

A PIG-STY.

"I can nowise explain what sort of whim, prank, or perversity it was, that, after all these leave-takings, induced me to go to the pig-sty, and take leave of the swine! There they lay, buried as deeply among the straw as they could burrow, four huge black grunners, the very symbols of slothful ease and sensual comfort. They were asleep, drawing short and heavy breaths, which heaved their big sides up and down. Unclosing their eyes, however, at my approach, they looked dimly forth at the outer world, and simultaneously uttered a gentle grunt; not putting themselves to the trouble of an additional breath for that particular purpose, but grunting with their ordinary inhalation. They were involved, and almost stifled and buried alive, in their own corporeal substance. The very unreadiness and oppression wherewith these greasy citizens gained breath enough to keep their life-machinery in sluggish movement, appeared to make them only the more sensible of the ponderous and fat satisfaction of their existence. Peeping at me, an instant, out of their small, red, hardly perceptible eyes, they dropt asleep again; yet not so far asleep but that their unctuous bliss was still present to them, betwixt dream and reality."

Hawthorne's talent at description, exhibiting the scene itself, with the latent moral, is happily illustrated in the following:—

A BAR-ROOM.

"By this time, it being past eleven o'clock, the two barkeepers of the saloon were in pretty constant activity. One of these young men had a rare faculty in the concoction of gin-cocktails. It was a spectacle to behold, how, with a tumbler in each hand, he tossed the contents from one to the other. Never conveying it awry, nor spilling the least drop, he compelled the frothy liquor, as it seemed to me, to spout forth from one glass and descend into the other, in a great parabolic curve, as well defined and calculable as a planet's orbit. He had a good forehead, with a particularly large development just above the eyebrows; fine intellectual gifts, no doubt, which he had educated to this profitable end; being famous for nothing but gin-cocktails, and commanding a fair salary by his one accomplishment. These cocktails, and other artificial combinations of liquor (of which there were at least a score, though mostly, I suspect, fantastic in their differences), were much in favor with the younger class of customers, who, at furthest, had only reached the second stage of potatory life. The stanch old soakers, on the other hand—men who, if put on tap, would have yielded a red alcoholic liquor by way of blood—usually confined themselves to plain brandy and water, gin, or West India rum; and, oftentimes, they prefaced their dram with some medicinal remark as to the wholesomeness and stomachic qualities of that particular drink. Two or three appeared to have bottles of their own behind the counter; and, winking one red eye to the barkeeper, he forthwith produced these choicest and peculiar cordials, which it was a matter of great interest and favor, among their acquaintances, to obtain a sip of.

"Agreeably to the Yankee habit, under whatever circumstances, the deportment of all these good fellows, old or young, was decorous and thoroughly correct. They grew only the more sober in their cups; there was no

confused babble nor boisterous laughter. They sucked in the joyous fire of the decanters, and kept it smouldering in their inmost recesses, with a bliss known only to the heart which it warmed and comforted. Their eyes twinkled a little, to be sure; they hemmed vigorously after each glass, and laid a hand upon the pit of the stomach, as if the pleasant titillation there was what constituted the tangible part of their enjoyment. In that spot, unquestionably, and not in the brain, was the acme of the whole affair. But the true purpose of their drinking—and one that will induce men to drink, or do something equivalent, as long as this weary world shall endure—was the renewed youth and vigor, the brisk, cheerful sense of things present and to come, with which, for about a quarter of an hour, the dram permeated their systems. And when such quarters of an hour can be obtained in some mode less baneful to the great sum of a man's life—but, nevertheless, with a little spice of impropriety, to give it a wild flavor—we temperance people may ring out our bells for victory!

"The prettiest object in the saloon was a tiny fountain, which threw up its feathery jet through the counter, and sparkled down again into an oval basin, or lakelet, containing several gold-fishes. There was a bed of bright sand at the bottom, strewn with coral and rock-work; and the fishes went gleaming about, now turning up the sheen of a golden side, and now vanishing into the shadows of the water, like the fanciful thoughts that coquet with a poet in his dream. Never before, I imagine, did a company of water-drinkers remain so entirely uncontaminated by the bad example around them; nor could I help wondering that it had not occurred to any freakish inebriate to empty a glass of liquor into their lakelet. What a delightful idea! Who would not be a fish, if he could inhale jollity with the essential element of his existence!"

What do the perfectionists of the Maine law say to these concluding paragraphs? Charles Lamb, when he was leaving off tobacco by the advice of his physician, wrote to a friend, saying he was looking out for the correlative vice. Human nature was not to be cheated. She was to have her quid pro quo; or rather, in that case of Elia, her quo pro quid.

MR. TUCKERMAN'S SKETCH OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

Of the merits of Mr. Shaw's outlines of English Literature, we have before spoken (*Literary World*, No. 113). It is a clear, flowing narrative of literary history, presenting the chief authors and the chief productions in their accredited position among the best critical company. It has been received, we notice by the publisher's advertisement, as a book for instruction in our American Academies, a use to which it is well fitted, though as a reading book rather than a text book. The matter of fact is well chosen, and sufficiently invigorated by general reflections. In this new edition of the work, a supplement on American authors is added from the pen of Mr. Tuckerman—and it is executed in a judicious and kindly spirit. The reader may gather from its fifty pages a fair notion of what America has undertaken and accomplished, in the usual departments of literature. By placing the enumeration of books and authors chiefly in the form of notes, the story is relieved from the dryness of cataloguing,

* Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas B. Shaw: a new American edition, with a sketch of American Literature, by Henry T. Tuckerman. Philadelphia, Blanchard & Lea.

while a great deal of information is conveyed. A reader can make his way pretty thoroughly through the American department of any of our first-class public libraries with Mr. Tuckerman's sketch for a guide. Of course such an essay is necessarily more a general statement of results than an individual criticism; but Mr. T., though he shows here and there some relaxation of judgment, difficult to be avoided in such a case, is upon the whole discriminating. Of his New England criticism, that of Everett is the most eulogistic, and that of Longfellow the least so. The paragraph on the latter is a good specimen of the manner of the essay.

LONGFELLOW.

"Henry W. Longfellow has achieved an extended reputation as a poet, for which he is chiefly indebted to his philological aptitudes and his refined taste. Trained as a verbal artist by the discipline of a poetical translator, he acquired a tact and facility in the use of words, which great natural fluency and extreme fastidiousness enabled him to use to the utmost advantage. His poems are chiefly meditative, and have that legendary significance peculiar to the German ballad. They also often embody and illustrate a moral truth. There is little or no evidence of inspiration in his verse, as that term is used to suggest the power of an overmastering passion; but there is a thoughtful, subdued feeling that seems to overflow in quiet beauty. It is, however, the manner in which this sentiment is expressed, the appositeness of the figures, the harmony of the numbers, and the inimitable choice of words that gives effect to the composition. He often reminds us of an excellent mosaic worker, with his smooth table of polished marble indented to receive the precious stones that are lying at hand, which he calmly, patiently, and with exquisite art, inserts in the shape of flowers and fruit. Almost all Longfellow's poems are gems set with consummate taste. His 'Evangeline' is a beautiful picture of rural life and love, which, from the charm of its pictures and the gentle harmony of its sentiment, became popular, although written in hexameters. His 'Skeleton in Armor' is the most novel and characteristic of his shorter poems; and his 'Psalm of Life' and 'Excelsior' are most familiar and endeared. He is the artistic, as Halleck is the lyrical and Bryant the picturesque and philosophic of American poets."

The sketch of Bryant is elaborate and well executed—particularly in its reference to what we may call a certain heroic element in the poems.

BRYANT'S GRANDEUR OF EXPRESSION.

"With his inimitable pictures there is ever blended high speculation, or a reflective strain of moral command. Some elevating inference or cheering truth is elicited from every scene consecrated by his muse. A noble simplicity of language, combined with these traits, often leads to the most genuine sublimity of expression. Some of his lines are unsurpassed in this respect. They so quietly unfold a great thought or magnificent image, that we are often taken by surprise. What a striking sense of mortality is afforded by the idea,—

'The oak

Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.'

"How grand the figure which represents the evening air, as

'God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth.'

"In the same poem he compares

'The gentle souls that passed away,'

to the twilight breezes sweeping over a churchyard,—

'Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.'

"And what can be more suggestive of the power of the winds, than the figure by which they are said to

'Scoop the ocean to its briny springs?—

"He would make us feel the hoary age of the mossy and gigantic forest trees, and not only alludes to their annual decay and renewal, but significantly adds,

'The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died.'

"To those who have never seen a prairie, how vividly does one spread before the imagination, in the very opening of the poem devoted to those 'verdant wastes.'

The progress of Science is admirably hinted in a line of 'The Ages,' when man is said to

'Unwind the eternal dances of the sky.'

KATMANDU.*

KATMANDU, Jung Bahadur, and the Nepalese Embassy—titles of peculiar promise to such as remember the Oriental entrée of the eccentric Jung into the English metropolis; a barbaric grandee of the first water; a sort of two-legged and high-turbaned Koh-i-noor.

Readers of contemporary journals will remember how the illustrious Jung moved through the London streets, buying up right and left whatever he set eyes on—including (although the purchase was never perfected) Madame Sontag and an entire ballet, with the assortment of girls "as they stood." Fears were entertained, we understand from a friend in London at the time, that he was disposed to buy up all England, ship the natives to America, and introduce the elephant-hunt in place of the fox-chase. At any rate it is a fortunate circumstance for us distant readers that he was pleased to return to his own native Nepal to be on hand to welcome Mr. Oliphant, the author of this clever book, which would have never been written without the assistance of Jung Bahadur.

The circumstances of Mr. Oliphant's visit to Katmandu are set forth in Chapter I.

EXPLANATORY.

"Towards the close of the year 1850, a considerable sensation was created in the usually quiet town of Colombo by the arrival in Ceylon of His Excellency General Jung Bahadur, the Nepalese Ambassador, on his return to Nepal, bearing the letter of the Queen of England to the Rajah of that country.

"The accounts which had preceded him of the magnificence of the jewels with which his person was generally adorned, had raised expectations amongst the natives which were doomed to disappointment: intelligence had been received by Jung of the death of the Queen of Nepal, and the whole Embassy was in deep mourning, so that their appearance on landing created no little astonishment, clad, as they all were, in spotless white, excepting their shoes, which were of black cloth—leather not being allowed to form part of the Nepalese mourning costume.

His Excellency had a careworn expression of countenance, which might have been caused either by the dissipation attendant upon the gaieties of his visit to London, by grief for his deceased Queen, or by sea-sickness during his recent stormy passage across the Gulf of Manaar. He had been visiting sundry Hindoo shrines, and it was for the purpose of worshipping at the temple of Ramiseram, which is situate on the island of that name, in the Gulf

* A Journey to Katmandu (the Capital of Nepal), with the Camp of Jung Bahadur; including a Sketch of the Nepalese Ambassador at Home. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. New York: D Appleton & Co.

of Manaar, forming part of Adam's Bridge, that he touched at Colombo. Here I was fortunate enough to make his acquaintance, and, attracted by his glowing description of sport in Nepal, accepted an invitation to accompany him to that country, in order to judge of it for myself.

"So good an opportunity is indeed rarely afforded to a European of visiting Nepal, and of inspecting the internal economy of its semi-barbarous court. I soon found that Jung Bahadoor excelled no less as a travelling companion than he had done as Premier and Ambassador.

"As doubts had arisen and some misapprehension had prevailed in England as to his position in his own country, I was anxious to ascertain what was his real rank, and how he would be received there. It was reported that he had risked his temporal welfare by quitting his country, while, in order that his eternal welfare should in no way be compromised by this bold and novel proceeding, he had obtained an express reservation to be made in his favor at Benares, overcoming, by means of considerable presents, the scruples of a rapacious and not very conscientious priesthood.

"The ostensible object of the mission had reference, as far as I could learn, to a portion of the Terai (a district lying upon the northern frontier of British India) which formerly belonged to Nepal, which was annexed by the Indian Government after the war of 1815-16; but it is probable that other motives than any so purely patriotic actuated the Prime Minister. His observant and inquiring mind had long regarded the British power in India with wonder and admiration—sentiments almost unknown amongst the apathetic Orientals, who, for the most part, have become too much accustomed to the English to look upon them with the same feelings as are entertained towards them by the hardy and almost savage race inhabiting the wild valleys of the Himalayas.

"But besides the wish to gratify his curiosity, there existed yet another incentive which induced him to undertake this expedition. The precarious nature of his high position in Nepal urged on him the good policy, if not the necessity, of a visit to England, for he doubtless felt, and with good reason, that the native Durbar would be inclined to respect a man who had been honored with an interview with the Queen of so mighty a nation, and had had opportunities of securing the support of her government, should he ever be driven to seek its aid."

A personal anecdote of the friend of the author is worth recording.

JUNG DOWN THE WELL.

"It was perhaps the near relationship of Jung to the prime minister that brought upon him the ill-will of the Prince, who treated him with the most unmitigated animosity, and used every means in his power surreptitiously to destroy him. On one occasion he ordered him to cross a flooded mountain-torrent on horseback, and when he had reached the middle of the current, which was so furiously rapid that his horse could with difficulty keep his footing, the young Prince suddenly called him back, hoping that, in the act of turning, the force of the stream would overpower both horse and rider. This danger Jung escaped, owing to his great nerve and presence of mind. In relating this anecdote, he seemed to think that his life had been in more imminent peril than on any other occasion; though the following struck me as being a much more hazardous exploit. After the affair of the torrent, the Prince was no longer at any pains to conceal his designs upon the life of the young adventurer, and that life being of no particular

value to any one but Jung himself, it was a matter of perfect indifference to anybody and everybody whether the Prince amused himself by sacrificing Jung to his own dislikes or not. It is by no means an uncommon mode of execution in Nepal to throw the unfortunate victim down a well; Jung had often thought that it was entirely the fault of the aforesaid victim if he did not come up again alive and unhurt. In order to prove the matter satisfactorily, and also be prepared for any case of emergency, he practised the art of jumping down wells, and finally perfected himself therein. When, therefore, he heard that it was the intention of the prince to throw him down a well, he was in no way dismayed, and only made one last request, in a very desponding tone, which was, that an exception might be made in his favor as regarded the being cast down, and that he might be permitted to throw himself down. This was so reasonable a request that it was at once granted; and, surrounded by a large concourse of people—the Prince himself being present by way of a morning's recreation—Jung repaired to the well, where, divesting himself of all superfluous articles of clothing, and looking very much as if he were bidding adieu for ever to the happy valley of Nepal, he crossed his legs, and, jumping boldly down, was lost to the view of the Prince and nobles, a dull splash alone testifying to his arrival at the bottom. Fortunately for Jung there was plenty of water—a fact of which most probably he was well aware—and there were, moreover, many chinks and crannies in the porous stone of which the well was built; so, having learnt his lesson, Jung clung dexterously to the side of the well until midnight, when his friends, who had been previously apprised of the part they were to perform, came and rescued him from his uncomfortable position, and secreted him until affairs took such a turn as rendered it safe for Jung Bahadoor to resuscitate himself. Such was the adventure of the well, which, marvellous as it may appear, was gravely related to me by his Excellency, who would have been very much scandalised if I had doubted it, which of course I did not."

The savagery of Jung, lying dormant under the smooth exterior of the Ambassador while playing the tame lion in England, breaks out into a fearful development of claws, as is shown in

THE MURDER OF THE FOURTEEN.

"He had no sooner decided upon his line of conduct than he displayed the utmost resolution in carrying it out. On the same night, and while at the palace, the suspicions which Jung already entertained were confirmed by his observing that Abiman Singh ordered his men to load. It was no time for hesitation. The two colleagues, with many of their adherents, were assembled in the large hall, where the Queen, in a highly-excited state, was insisting upon an immediate disclosure of the murderer of Guggum Singh, who was supposed to have been her paramour. At this moment Jung gave the signal for the seizure of Futeh Jung. The attempt was no sooner made than his son, Karak Bikram Sah, imagining that his father's life was at stake, rushed forward to save him, and seizing a kukri, had already dealt Bum Bahadoor a severe blow, when he was cut down by Dere Shum Shere Bahadoor, then a youth of sixteen or seventeen.

"Futeh Jung, vowing vengeance on the murderers of his son, sprang forward to avenge his death, and in another moment Bum Bahadoor, already seriously wounded, would have fallen at his feet, when the report of a rifle rang through the hall, and the timely bullet sped by the hand of Jung Bahadoor laid the

gallant father by the side of his no less gallant son.

"Thus Jung's *coup d'état* had taken rather a different turn from what he had intended; the die, however, was cast, and everything depended upon his coolness and decision in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. Though he may have felt that his life was in most imminent peril, it is difficult to conceive how any man could attain to such a pitch of cool desperation as to enact the scene which closed this frightful tragedy. There still confronted him fourteen of the nobles whose leader had been slain before their eyes, and who thirsted for vengeance; but the appearance at his side of that faithful body-guard, on whose fidelity the safety of the minister has more than once depended, precluded them from seizing the murderer of their chief. It was but too clear to those unhappy men what was to be the last of this tragedy. Jung received the rifle from the hand of the man next him, and levelled it at the foremost of the little band. Fourteen times did that fatal report ring through the hall, as one by one the rifles were handed to one who would trust no eye but his own, and at each shot another noble lay stretched on the ground. Abiman Singh alone escaped the deadly aim; he managed to reach the door, but there he was cut almost in two by the sword of Krishn Bahadoor."

There are sundry other capital passages of anecdote and adventure which we would like to make free with, but to a full enjoyment of the work the curious reader must betake him to the scene itself. He will find variety, novelty, and strangeness, enveloped in that atmosphere of romance which is held by many to be so proper in summer-reading. Go to Katmandu with Laurence Oliphant in a cheap trip (50 cents a ticket), even if the means fail you to visit Katskill, Newport, or Saratoga.

Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph: including its Rise and Progress in the United States. By Alexander Jones Putnam.—The chronological table of discoveries in the science out of which has grown the electric telegraph, introduces an account of the contemporary facts in America—the litigations and finally the settled employment of the instrument, its various applications and methods with various suggestions by the author. Looking upon the telegraph as in its infancy, the author writes of its future extension in one chain to Asia and Europe, by way of Behring's Straits, while he asserts the impracticability and absurdity of lines directly crossing the Atlantic. In spite of the present scientific impossibilities, we understand, however, that the thing is still contemplated—we trust for some better end than to furnish an occasional paragraph to the newspapers or excite the stock-jobbing expectations of a "company."

Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, &c. By Joseph T. Buckingham. 2 vols. Redding & Co.—A new edition of a work noticed at length in our columns [*Lit. World*, No. 190] on its first appearance. These specimens are not only quaint illustrations of the characteristic early newspapers of New England in literature and the manners of the day, but important contributions to our revolutionary history. In this respect they possess a general interest. An excellent book for our common school and other public libraries—particularly in the country districts where the feeling still survives which animated many of these old editors.

Physical Theory of Another Life. By Isaac Taylor. Gowans.—A new edition of this classic Essay, in the excellent typographical dress of Mr. Gowans's publications—with a relish of the amateur and bibliographer.

Translations from the Meditations of Lamartine, together with Fugitive Pieces. By James T. Smith. Shepard & Co.—The readers of the poem to Sir Walter Scott translated from Lamartine, in the present number, will need no introduction to the muse of the French poet. They will be prepared to look for enthusiasm, feeling, and an exercise of the suggesting fancy. Mr. Smith's volume furnishes other examples of these traits from the pensive Meditations. It is not an easy work to turn these peculiar poems into graceful harmonious English. They are somewhat didactic in the original and are apt to become flat prose in a translation. French eloquence in verse is a difficult thing to handle in this way—which may account for the occasional roughness of the version before us. Of the original poems of Mr. Smith added to the translations, the lines entitled "The Shadows," affect us by a certain quaintness and force.

The Following of Christ, in four books. By Thomas A' Kempis. A new translation: to which are added Practical Reflections. Sadtler & Co.—A new and elegant edition of this pious classic of everyday life and the retirement of the heart. Its devotional spirit is the warm flame of Christianity, and has been accepted as such within and beyond the bounds of the Roman Church, of which its author was a member. The meek, self-denying inner life of the Christian faith are beautifully unfolded in its pages.

Autobiography of Rev. Tobias Spicer: containing Incidents and Observations; also some account of his Visit to England. Lane & Scott.—The general reflections and some of the reminiscences of an aged Methodist Clergyman of the Troy Conference in this State. He visited England in 1846 to join an Evangelical Conference, where he appears to have been much struck with the use of wine by the clergy of his denomination in contrast with his own teetotal habits. He also finds a Wesleyan Conference at Bristol less punctilious and orderly in its ceremony and mode of doing business than a similar assembly in this country.

Lectures to Young Men on their Dangers, Safeguards, and Responsibilities. By Rev. Daniel Smith. Lane & Scott.—A well written practical volume adapted to sustain the habits as well as the principle of goodness.

Gems of Female Biography. Compiled by Rev. Daniel Smith. Vol. 1. *Brief Sketches of Christian Biography.* By Merritt Caldwell, A.M. Lane & Scott.—The former of these volumes contains narratives of the lives of the Lady Jane Greys, Lady Russells, Elizabeth Rowes, and some more recent American examples; the other little book is brief and anecdotal, with profitable glimpses of many eminent personages, from Matthew Hale to Walter Scott. *The Widow's Souvenir*, is a little pocket volume from the same publishers—a compilation of prose and verse.

Marriage and the Duties of the Marriage Relation, in a Series of Six Lectures. By George W. Quinby. Cincinnati: James.—Though these lectures were delivered from a pulpit, they are familiar in their style, with local illustration and anecdote. They are addressed to "youth and the young in married life."

Chambers's Papers for the People, Volume 6. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.—This volume—one of the cheapest and best of the useful-knowledge publications of the day, contains full and really well prepared papers on the Microscope, the Pre-Columbian History of America, Public Libraries, Australia, the Religion of the Greeks, &c.

A Manual of Astronomy and the Use of the Globes, for Schools and Academies. By Henry Kiddle. Newman & Ivison.—A useful introduction to the study of Astronomy, presenting

the elementary terms and facts in a practical manner for instruction.

BEAUTIFUL PRINTS.—A novelty is presented to the friends of taste in a collection of oil-pictures, on cards, delicately tinted, and affording to the eye a most agreeable pastime. They are of many sizes—from a hand's-breadth up to a desk-lid—and of all (reasonable) prices. We can think of no prettier gift of the kind to a lady friend. The agent for this country is Mr. Davidson, 109 Nassau street, New York.

MESSRS. BANGS, BROTHER & Co. have issued from their American Agency two new volumes of *Bohn's Scientific Library*, a collection of the writings of the great Danish philosopher Oersted, and a history and description by the distinguished player, Stanton, of the Chess Tournament at London, 1851, with the games played on the occasion. Several thousand dollars were expended in prizes at the latter affair, which attracted the noted players of the continent, and elicited some of the nicest operations and jockeying manoeuvres of the game. One dodge of this character, played upon the editor, calls from him the feeling remark—"When games are prolonged to twelve, thirteen, and twenty hours each, and single moves occupy two hours and a half, the effect upon an invalid can be well imagined." The volume is well prepared, and one of standard use among the fraternity, at this day a recognizable portion of the world's society.

The volume of Oersted is of singular interest and value as a first presentation in an English dress of the fine spiritual deductions of a calm thinker, based upon an original and profound investigation of the laws of nature. The world owes something to the man whose discoveries have led directly to that great minister of social progress, the electric telegraph, and the world will gladly seek communication with such a mind in regions of speculation which transcend any material facts. Such speculations Oersted has left on record in the series of papers embraced under the general title, the "Soul in Nature," and in a collection of addresses before literary and learned societies on kindred topics presented in this volume.* The chief work has been already noticed in the Literary World (No. 235). The whole is a noble companion book, in its spirit, to Alexander von Humboldt's *Cosmos*.

The same American publishers have issued *Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson*, the supplementary volume to the world-renowned Life. Johnson's huge figure appears even grander among the mists of the Highlands than the fogs of Fleet street. That northern journey was altogether a very remarkable affair, and its interest is greatly increased by the copious notes—marking the changes of society—introduced by Mr. Robert Carruthers in this edition—to say nothing of the pictorial illustrations, well chosen for the best Johnsonian effects. This, with the four volumes of the Life published in similar form, are the best popular editions of the great work of Boswell; and as such have met with extraordinary favor.

The Illustrated London Cookery Book, from the same publishers, keeps pace with the demand for pictorial literature. The wood cuts, however, are here subordinated to the serious interest of the subject, which is treated in the usual matter-of-fact way—doubtless confidently relying on the latent poetry lurking in every dish. It is a full view of the English system of cookery.

The second part of *Meyer's Universum* contains four well-selected views of the Exchange,

* The Soul of Nature, with Supplementary Contributions. By Hans Christian Oersted, translated from the German by Leonora and Joanna Horner.

London, of Constantine in Africa, the Palace of St. Cloud, and the Bay of New York. The letter-press is written in a glowing style, and the work promises to be of welcome entertainment and instruction as a family visitor for young and old.

The *Art Journal* (Virtue, 26 John street) for July is a capital-filled number. Its large illustrations are a Turner and Wilkie from the Vernon Gallery—choice specimens of each—a glorified sea piece, "The Prince of Orange entering Torbay," and a "Bag-piper"—and well rendered by the engraver. There is a striking allegorical original design by Retzsch, illustrating the opposite powers of Fancy, a choice series from Dujardin's etchings of animals, and the usual "industrial progress" miscellany.

MARKS AND REMARKS.

Kossuth has taken his departure, suddenly, in the Cunard steamer for Liverpool on Wednesday—while it had been announced by his friends that he would leave in the Washington, on Saturday. A daily journal informs us that—a curious resemblance to the flight of Louis Philippe—he had secured a state room under the assumed name of Alexander Smith—*Hei mihi quantum mulatus ab illo Hectore!* The reasons for this proceeding are matters of conjecture, and exhibit human, or rather newspaper, nature under various aspects. One journal is kind enough to intimate that he may have formed various military contracts on time, and that as settling day approaches he finds it convenient to pay with a flowing sheet. But that is all scandal, though it seemed of importance enough to call forth a card from the distinguished Hungarian's secretary, Mr. Paul Hajnik, to the effect that all pecuniary obligations had been discharged. Others suppose that he privately slipped off to avoid the test of a public enthusiasm which might not have been forthcoming on his stated departure, and that by the same means he might make a safe entry into England—with no invidious comparisons between past and present glories. But this is to attach considerable importance to a few empty hurrahs, which to most men would be rather troublesome than otherwise—though in the attainment of them Kossuth has undoubtedly proved himself a pains-taking tactician. No one can understand popular effect better. There are other opinions, which credulously connect this adroit movement with the mysteries of revolutionary policy, and anticipate some early developments on the continent.

Altogether it is a singular affair for a man who has lived so publicly in America as Kossuth—for the full blaze of all his glory to be finally capped by such a paltry extinguisher as Alexander Smith!

Papers friendly to his course rebuke the American people for not meeting his wishes more cordially and practically. But what was to be done? We could honor Kossuth for what was noble in his past career, and the country has so honored him, warmly and generously—but the future of Hungary was not to be so readily appreciated. The people have never understood how the will of this nation could in any possible way, (as requested,) turn the aristocratic society of Hungary, watched by the most inveterate monarchs of the old world, in close contiguity, into a model republic. Kossuth asked too much, and promised too much. As a hero in exile he was received with fervor and liberality; as a disputant of the policy

of the country he drew down upon himself the consequences of his assumptions. It became a fight between the acute Hungarian lawyer—as a special pleader—and the common sense of the American people: and whatever disappointment Kossuth experienced, logical or otherwise, he fairly owes to himself and the essential weakness of certain of his positions, the blunders of which, not even his great tact and extraordinary eloquence could conceal.

We do not know whether it implies a greater compliment to, or neglect of, the author tribe, when we see a few fine sentences of literary merit—when written by a statesman—heralded through the country with unwonted applause. Is it that literature is so eminent a thing, or that public men so rarely cultivate it? The just explanation probably is, that such passages reveal to us the inner life of the man, which is hidden to us in the routine of public affairs, and our attention is drawn to the poem or the fine saying, by the importance which is attached to the writer in his other relations. This gives an interest to passages floating occasionally through the newspapers in which Webster appears with some of the graces of authorship. Apropos to his glance towards the sun-rise in his brief midnight Washington speech, we have this reprint of a letter written to a friend, and dated,

"5 o'clock, A.M., Richmond, April 29, 1847.

"Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my habits of early rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travellers to-day.

"This city has a 'pleasant seat.' It is high; the James River runs below it, and when I went out, an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the Falls. The air is tranquil and its temperature mild. It is *morning*, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. The health, strength and beauty of early years lead us to call that period 'the morning of life.' Of a lovely young woman we say she is 'bright as the morning,' and no one doubts why Lucifer is called 'son of the morning.'

"But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

"Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is often an object of worship.

"King David speaks of taking to himself the 'wings of the morning.' This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning

are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise 'with healing in his wings'—a rising sun which shall scatter life, health and joy throughout the universe.

"Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

"I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new.

"The manifestations of the power of God, like His mercies, are 'new every morning,' and fresh every moment.

"We see as fine risings of the sun as even Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude. DANIEL WEBSTER."

A correspondent of the *London Athenæum* enumerates "the representatives of the literary interest" in the English legislature; a representation in which the example of America is often referred to, and which, by the way, rumor just now strengthened by the appointment of John P. Kennedy, the author of "Swallow Barn," and other novels, to the Secretaryship of the Navy. This is the catalogue of the English authors in office:

"Mr. Disraeli has hereditary pretensions to lead the literary interest in the lower house, and I do not think there could be any 'opposition' to his claim of being the first novelist at present in the House of Commons. The only other M. P. whom I can find avowedly contributing to the fiction interest is Mr. Grantley Berkeley, whose novel of 'Berkeley Castle,' and its consequences, might furnish a chapter to 'Curiosities of Literature.' Lord J. Russell, as author of 'Don Carlos,' is the only dramatist in the lower house, and he ranks also among essayists, biographers, and historians, by his various publications. Lord Mahon and Colonel Mure are at the head of the historical and critical M. P.'s; and I perceive the names of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Torrens McCullagh, and Sir John Walsh, as authors of historical writings. Under the head of poets, I observe Lords Maidstone and John Manners, and Mr. Monkton Milnes. The 'travellers' are more numerous represented in the lower house of Parliament than most other departments of literature; amongst them are—Lords Jocelyn and Naas, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Urquhart, and Mr. Whiteside; and I think that Sir George Staunton and Mr. George Thompson may be classed with the travellers. In the department of 'political philosophy' I find Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Colonel Thompson, Mr. Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. George Smythe, and Mr. Mackinnon, appear amongst the general essayists. Mr. Walter, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wakley may be ranked with the editorial interest; and I may add that Mr. Butt—the new M. P. for Harwich, besides being the reputed author of a three-volume novel, was for some years the editor of the "Dublin University Magazine." The biographers are represented by Mr. Grattan,

author of a five-volume work on his celebrated father. The pamphleteer department is represented by "legion," and I pass it by, with the remark that Lord Overstone in the upper, and Mr. Cobden in the lower house, are at its head by the importance of the publication. Turning to the Lords, the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall) is clearly at the head of the historians in that assembly—Lord Brougham of Political Philosophy and Belles-Letters—and Lord Campbell of the biographers. The novelists are represented by Lords Normanby and Londesborough.

"The 'editorial interest' of the peers is of a different kind from that in the lower house, and is represented by the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lords Holland and Braybrooke. Lord St. Leonard's work on 'Powers' shows that he has other than ex-officio right to be placed at the head of living English writers on law. The Duke of Argyll, by his treatise on the Church History of Scotland, has added to the literary works of the Campbells. The Marquis of Ormonde has published a richly illustrated narrative of a residence in Sicily. In Physical Sciences, the Earl of Rose, not merely as P. R. S., but by his accomplishments, distances all competition in either house. There is only one autobiographer in the legislature—Lord Cloncurry. The acted drama, since the removal of Mr. Sheil, Sir T. N. Talfourd, and Sir Bulwer Lytton from the lower house, has no other representative in the legislature than the Earl of Glengall. Lord Strangford represents the poets of the peers, and of the Belles-Letters interest in the upper house, the Earls of Carlisle and Ellesmere are efficient supporters. In the interest of the Fine Arts we may rank 'Athenian Aberdeen,' and as a musical composer the lords have Lord Westmoreland. A more original author neither house can boast of than the venerable writer of 'The Wellington Despatches.' I have not by me, when I write, the means of ascertaining the number of the bench of bishops ranking with the literary interest; but foremost among them, besides the Bishop of St. David's (named *ante*), are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of London and Oxford. I may add that the number of peers is only about two-thirds that of the lower house, but, on the other hand, the peers enjoy much more leisure."

A correspondent of the *London Leader* says that Lowell Mason, Esq., of Boston, United States, has purchased of the heirs of the late distinguished composer Ruick, of Darmstadt, the whole of his large and valuable library, and it is now on its way through Rotterdam to Boston. "Only lately," he adds, "the Theological Library of the celebrated Neander was purchased at Rochester, New York, and we now congratulate our American friends on this new addition to their treasures, through the liberality and public spirit of the purchaser, who has done so much to create a knowledge and love of the science of music in his native city. The library consists of—

"1. Various Works in the History, Biography, and General Literature of Music, including sets of the various musical periodicals in Germany during the last fifty years.

"2. Theoretical Works—very extensive collection—indeed, all the books on the Science of Music which have been published in Germany.

"3. Books of Church Music, Masses, Motets, &c., with many old and valuable books of Chorals from the sixteenth century down to the present time.

"4. Organ Music—an extensive collection by German writers.

"5. Scores of Operas, and the Vocal Works, especially of the older German school.

"6. Very many Educational Works, Singing Schools, School Song Books, &c., &c.

"7. Much Manuscript Music, including a collection of Psalms for double choir, by Ruick, and other valuable Organ and Vocal Music which has never been published.

"8. Autographs by many of the German composers.

"9. A large Gallery of Portraits, many of which are now exceedingly rare."

RESPONSE

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAREWELL.

[Written in reply to the well-known introduction of one of his last novels, that ended with the quotation: "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."]

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR "THE LITERARY WORLD" BY THE REV. C. T. BROOKS.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

(Concluded from our last No.)

BEHOLD a man—the priest immortal! whom
God has ordained the altar to perfume,
To extort the Sphynx's word, to fling the light
Of his clear torch into our obscure night,
And, in inspired accents, for us spell
That book of fate whose meaning he alone
can tell.

Thus, in thy rest, whether thy happy sail
Feel Eurus' force or Zephyr's flattering gale,
And, o'er the bosom of the mighty deep,
From sky to sky across the basin sweep;
Or, as thy chariot climbs the mountain-side,
Thou seest our warm champagnes stretch far
and wide;
Where'er, as on thy deck thou stand'st to
view,
Pharos or spire looms o'er the waters blue,
Or, whitened by the waves that beat the
strand,

The mole extends far out, on either hand,
An arm of town or city; everywhere,
Whether thou seest, against the clear, hill air,
The towers of old chateaux lift up on high
Their blackened pyramids to meet the sky,
Or smoke-clouds, breaths of our great cities
spread,

Or humbler roof-tiles glow in evening's red;—
Thou still canst say, I here a friend should
meet,

Here would they wipe the dust from off my
feet,

Here in some heart my soul has dwelt and
wrought,

For a whole age thinks, lives upon my
thought!

Thou wantest nought to match with *those* thy
name,

For whom time has no longer shade nor
shame,

Names that the Epic muse exalts on high
Commanding summits of humanity,

But to have in a single monument
The force of all thy vast achievements blent.

But ah, full time to act his thought has none,
The hand sinks down, the work yet scarce
begun;

Our arm falls short of what our eye can see,
Let even our pride, then, claim our charity.

Man's work is ne'er a monument complete,
For that must men,—successive ages,—meet;

And even then these mighty witnesses
Accuse our fleeting race's feebleness;

Each one amidst a crowd, with careful hand
Bears to the growing pile his grain of sand;

What matters it, when, at some future day,
Our Babel crumbles down and melts away,

Whether our humble brick, deep-buried, lies

In those slow structures, hid from mortal eyes,
Or on the sculptured stone lives our vain
name!

Our name, where'er inscribed, no praise can
claim.

Weary spectator of the world's great show,
Thou leavest us in rugged ways to go.

The nations have no prophet now nor bard,
To lead and cheer with song a march so hard;

Throne-quakings fill the monarchs with
amaze;

Reigns count by months and chiefs by weeks
and days;

The impetuous breath of human thought that
burns

And like an Equinox the soul o'erturns,
Permits no man, not even in hope, an hour
To stand upon the pinnacle of power,

But, one by one, the sudden vertigo
Hurls down the highest to the abyss below;

In vain the world a Saviour craves—a stay—
The time, more strong than we, bears us
away:

The sea at ebb a child's small hand may rein,
In a great epoch man's best strength is vain.

See: citizens, kings, soldiers, tribunes run!
God puts his hand on all and chooses none;

The swift and scorching meteor of power
Falls on our heads to judge and to devour.

'Tis done: the word has breathed upon the
deep,

A second chaos o'er the world must sweep,
And for the human race, without a throne,
Salvation is in all and yet in none.

A single glance around full plainly tells,
By this new ocean's mighty rolls and swells,
These oscillations of the ship and sky,
These giant billows threatening, mountain
high,

That man, himself, is also doubling now
A cape of storms, with dark and anxious
brow,

Passing, through thunder and tempestuous sea,
The tropic of a new humanity.

Never did waves to heaven so madly dash
Their stormy spray, nor sharper lightnings
flash,

So many masts go down in weltering night,
Men fall so low from such a dizzy height,
Nor ever were illustrious wrecks before

So frequent strewed upon so many a shore;
Men-kings the widowed realms in sadness
range;

These now their exiled masters interchange,
Widow of triple empire, I have seen,
In sorrow's weeds, with wan and suppliant
mien,

The shadow of the Stuarts beg a share
Of common daylight and of vital air;

The child of Europe and Napoleon,
Stripped of his name and title to the throne
Of the world's empire, lest so great a name
Which has alone a history, he should shame
With a too feeble echo of so loud a fame.

And thou, thyself, canst see from thine own
towers,

The greatest wreck of these sad days of ours;
Two orphan plants torn from their native sky
And soil to grace and crown the majesty
Of Edinboro's palace-ruins! . . . Ah!

I little dreamed, when, in new scenes, afar,
Escaping from the crevice of a tomb—
I saw in fairer rays that scion bloom,

When France, with salvos that through Eu-
rope rung

The tidings of her miracle had flung
E'en to the waters of Parthenope,

When, pressed to bless a son of destiny,
I, too, by many a flattering omen led,
Invoked a happy future on his head—
Ah, little did I dream the winds of chance
With so much promise sported in advance,
Bearing such hopes, joys, vows away in air
Swift as the noise of brass and cannon's glare,
That ere this child to wield his arms should
know,

The bards would have for him but tears of
woe! . . .

Tears? no, their lyre has many a nobler
tone

Ah! should it be his lot to escape the throne,
The throne, that fatal rock to many a king,
If, as in hot distress men sometimes fling
An infant in the lioness's path
To appease her hunger and avert her wrath,
God should give him a prey to misery,
To the rough mercies of calamity,
Were not such fate well worth the loudest
songs

Of cradle-triumph and obsequious throngs?
Ever to children are throne-shadows death,
Ever some Tigellinus' poisonous breath
Kills the year's germs before the spring! Let
him

Great nature's child, grow strong in heart and
limb

In the free air and sunshine, and engage,
Unharnessed, with the spirit of the age;
Whatever name love, pity, hate may give,
Nothing or majesty, still let him live
Above it all, as with God's help he can,
And though proscribed, as king, still be a
man!

Let him not covet a devouring throne:
Power is with fate, our virtues are our own.
Let him console his errant, exiled line,
When the night deepens, stars most brightly
shine!

And if, as when the endangered ship to save,
They cast into the yawning, greedy grave
Some feeble passenger, to still the sea—
Taking a child for victim, Liberty
This royal child into the gulf should throw
To close the abyss that widens still below,
Unshrinking let him perish, innocent
Of all the blood it costs, thrones to cement;
Let him be equal to whatever fate,
Nor weigh himself, a child, against a state;
The voice of great humanity alone
Let him, as earthly law unrivalled, own,
Resign to it his rights, unmurmuring—
When did a people's blood e'er consecrate a
king?

But now farewell; my eye is dim and wet
With the heart's overflow and I forget
That even now thy sail is on the sea
And, quivering in the breeze of Italy,
Bears thee away from this foul, turbid time,
As the swan's wing sweeps from the sedge
slime.

Noble old man, pursue thy peaceful way,
And may the southern breezes, as they play
Around thy brow, waft from each shore to
thee

Its fragrant breath across the tranquil sea;
For thee the orange ripen and exhale
Its fragrance in the intoxicating gale;
From each horizon may thy raptured sight
Drink in a drop of life with every ray of
light!

If on those waters whose sweep memory
Awakens such a mighty thrill in me
As when the courser hears a distant neigh,
My barque, unknown, borne slowly on its
way,

Hither and thither under little sail,
Wherever it might catch a springing gale,
Beneath some happy star, on ocean's breast,
Should meet the triple deck that rocks thy
rest,

Then with a joy dilated would I fling
Into the smiling waves another ring;
My eyes thy large Homeric brow behold,
The throne of thought, palace of dreams of
gold,

Gulf of all fancies, where an ocean pours
Its endless tide and all its countless shores;
Chaos from which thy word awakes to birth
New shapes of beauty and a heavenly earth!
How would I bend beneath thy mighty hand
That holds of joy and woe—the magic wand;
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How would thy radiant form my eye engage,

Speaking thee one that marks and makes an age;

My lips the salt of thy discourse should keep,
My heart should hold its treasure dear and deep,

And I, henceforth, from all my days, for aye,
Would set apart that memorable day,
As in the time when dwellers of the sky
Came down benignly from their homes on high,

To visit man upon this earthly shore,
The blessed sandals of the traveller wore,
And walked our paths; waking from their surprise

Ere yet the gleam of glory left their eyes
That marked the track by which the man of God

Had mounted to his heavenly abode,
The pious travellers set up there a stone
To mark the place and make for ever known
To their posterity both where and when
An angel had come down and walked and talked with men.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUSTUS BYRGE AGAIN—THE INVENTOR OF LOGARITHMS.

YOUR correspondent Ecosais should not have attempted to correct a supposed error of Mr. Byrge in his "Practical Model Calculator," without referring to the work which Mr. Byrge cites as his authority. It is the veritable "Biographie Universelle," published in Paris, and not the counterfeit and abridged work with the same title published at Bruxelles, to which Mr. Byrge refers; and although he appears not to have followed his authority very exactly, he certainly did find there "a mention of logarithms in connection with Justus Byrge," which Ecosais denies. The article is as follows, and is at your service for publication, in whole, or in part, if you think the question one of sufficient interest to deserve a second notice in the Literary World: "Justus Byrge, mechanician and astronomer, born in Lichtenberg in Switzerland, died in 1632, aged 81 years, invited to Cassel by William IV., the Landgrave; he there constructed many astronomical instruments, some very curious clocks, a celestial globe in silver, and several machines still preserved for their singularity in the cabinet of this sovereign, who was devoted to the study of astronomy. After the death of his protector, Byrge continued his observations at Cassel, until 1597, when he was appointed mechanician to the Emperor (of Germany). Kepler pronounces a high eulogium upon his talent and his modesty, which prevented his publishing anything; but the last assertion is now known to be erroneous. The invention of the proportional compasses is attributed to him without foundation; Levinus Holstius, in his "*Tractatus tres ad geodesiam spectantes*," published in 1603, describes the instrument invented by Byrge, and gives an engraving of it: it is nothing more than what we call *compas de reduction*. With still less reason Beecher attributes to Byrge the use of the pendulum for the measure of time; the only ground given for it is the assertion of a mathematician of the Elector of Mentz, which he made to him in 1678, that is, more than forty years after the death of Byrge. Bramer, his pupil and brother-in-law, says that he caused to be printed at Prague, in 1620, without test, a beautiful *Table des Progressions*, with differences by tens, calculated to nine places, so that, adds Bramer, "the invention of logarithms does not belong to Napier, but was discovered by Justus Byrge long before. With regard to this, there are two observations to be made: first, the priority remains to Napier, who published his invention as early as 1614; secondly, Koestner, who first brought to light the tables of Byrge,

the printing of which does not appear to be furnished, found that they have an arrangement the inverse of that of the ordinary tables. They are logarithms increasing by equal differences, so that they only serve to find a number by its logarithm, and require a long calculation to find the logarithm when the number is given. Dodson published similar tables in England in the last century under the name of the *Anti-logarithmic Canon*; but these refer to the common system of logarithms, whilst those of Byrge are calculated in the system which answers to the quadrature of the equilateral hyperbole. It appears, moreover, that some errors were made in Byrge's calculation. Fuller details in relation to this *savant* are given in the *Notice sur les savants Hessois*, by Strieder, Göttingen 1781, in 8vo." The foregoing biographical sketch was written by C. M. Pillet, one of the most careful of the contributors to the *Biographie Universelle*. Perhaps the publication of it in the Literary World may serve to correct the several mistakes which have been made in relation to this mathematician, now almost forgotten. J. E. C.

REFLECTIONS AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA, July 9, 1852.

DEAR —:

I marvel, and I do *not* marvel at the taste which brings so many people to Saratoga. I marvel that they who live in a too artificial life for most of their time, should go for recreation into a life yet more factitious. I marvel that they do not grow weary of their passion for display, and slip away into some secluded place, where they need be no more pains-taking than nature is, instead of coming hither to indulge it yet more inordinately, to put on the *unreal* more completely. I marvel that human life in its follies and infirmities so keeps up its attraction for them, and that nature in her freshness, and the human heart in her simplicity and undisguisedness have so little charm.

And yet I do not marvel that they come hither, where some of the restraints of ordinary social life are cast off, and they can act upon their impulses more freely for a time. I do not marvel that one should find pleasure in existing in such a miniature world, where so many of the best and poorest, and most unique specimens of this kind are grouped together; where one can see so much to smile at, and from some quiet corner may behold some heart secrets peeping out from their inadequate concealment, and even kindly and blessed dispositions now and then straying into observation from out the artificial nimbus, like vistas of sweet landscape seen through the parting mists.

Neither do I marvel that some come hither, who take little human interest in the crowds about them, but look at them rather as a curious panorama of finely clothed automatons; who find their pleasure in the cool shadows of the grounds about the great hotels, and the Congress spring, and in the music that greets them unexpectedly in the day, and lulls them to sleep at night; and who love to drink of these ever refreshing fountains. To such this is a land of romance, where gaudy processions pass on, and bright tableaux of human beauty start up suddenly, and a thousand shapes and colours flit by mysteriously for unknown purposes, where sweet sounds fill the air as for their own delight, and men and women stoop at springs to drink eagerly of water that is not like common water, but sparkling with strange life like all things else in the Arcady beneath whose hills it gushes. And so it all seems like some richly garnished

dream, and, as in dreams, one's cares weigh less heavily, and have themselves the same element of the fantastic and unreal.

This is no place to look at nature. Figures brighten the lawns, and gleam through the shrubberies, and themselves constitute the pictures of which the landscapes are but the framework and adornment. Even at the lake, you feel that the crowds have taken possession of it, and elbowed nature aside. You seldom look up into the sky, or if you do, its great still sweep carries your fancy over to other regions where you know you may feel more truly in its presence.

But it is a good place to look at human kind. Seat yourself anywhere where the groups are passing about you, and you will see many striking instances of physical excellence. Here are noticeable eyes, and here a glorious fall of hair, symmetrical forms, pure and glowing complexions, full, white, and delicate necks and arms that you long to touch, yet fear to touch as you fear to touch the arms of a statue. Look patiently for a while, and you will find that none are so well aware of these excellencies as their possessors. One would not have this otherwise, yet one loves best that disposition which, knowing its own merits or beauties, seeks to hide them, never obtrudes them, yet is not unwilling they should be found out. But if you listen to their speech, hoping to see the excellencies of their hearts likewise, you learn, rather, what they would seem to be, than what they are; you find out that that in them best worth knowing is not usually betrayed by their words at such a time and place as this.

However, we do not come here to pick up wisdom. Rather to be entertained and beguiled of our weariness for a while, at a slight expense on our part. People from all parts of the land kindly come hither, and bring their best clothes, and adorn themselves, and play parts for our amusement. We ourselves are a part of the show. The audience comes down, and runs about upon the stage. They wisk away singly, and in multitudes, and by and by the curtain drops, and we find ourselves at the old dull routine again, far away in our own dark nook, where the ledgers look down upon us from their everlasting shelves.

You asked me for a letter from Saratoga, and you see that I have nothing to tell that would not be stale news at your next issue. I give you rather a daguerreotype of my own mind as I have sat at my window for an hour, which I hope will still look fresh when you see it. S.

COMMENCEMENT GREENS.

To the Editors of the Literary World:—

GENTLEMEN—I have just received up here, in this our distant "rural district," the New York newspapers, furnishing an account of the late Commencement proceedings of a literary institution in your city. I am delighted to learn how well the young gentlemen acquitted themselves. The subjects and styles employed by them I am not enough of a scholar to comment upon understandingly; but in regard to the floral articles bestowed upon the respective speakers, there I am at home; for we all, up this way, understand "greens"—a little. The city can furnish the learning, but it takes the country to contribute the flowers: and properly, too, should flowers of speech and flowers of vegetation go together. The critical lingo of the newspaper writers is altogether beyond me; but

as soon as ever you come to throwing bouquets I know what you would be at: and in this allegorical or vicarious style of distributing the honors of the occasion, I am happy to perceive that the gentlemen of the press discriminate nicely in the language they employ. For instance, in the sheet now before me, we are informed, of the first young gentleman—"So well did he acquit himself that on retiring from the stage he received a shower of bouquets." The second young gentleman received a "bountiful supply of beautiful bouquets." The third also received "a full share of bouquets." The fourth young gentleman called forth the "usual number of bouquets." The fifth "called forth a basketful of bouquets." The next young gent., *vae vobis*, no bouquets! As soon as the sixth "ceased speaking, the stage was strewn with flowers, among which was a large and beautiful wreath, which a member of the Faculty placed around the neck of the orator as a tribute to his peculiarly stentoronic voice." Then many other orations were delivered which the critic decides "evinced great originality of thought and skill in delivery." "An excellent production" and "very creditable" but—no bouquets.

So that we in the country who are thoroughly up to the language of flowers—have furnished a complete scale of criticism—as thus—in reference to the amount of merit in each discourse, florally considered—

A shower.

A bountiful supply.

A full share.

A basket full.

A wreath around the neck.

No flowers worth mentioning.

This is a novel and beautiful style of criticism (heretofore exclusively and unjustly monopolized by ballet-girls)—and it must be perfect—if somebody would be good enough to dispose of two or three questions which have occurred to various "friends of education."

1. Suppose the friends of a graduating student have no ready money to buy bouquets (and bouquets are rayther expensive)?

2. Suppose, having purchased the bouquets, they are unfortunate in the distance of their seats from the stage, and have not the physical force to throw them?

3. Suppose the father or grandfather, or any next of kin of a graduating member happens to be a flower-gardener by profession? What then?

Respectfully yours,

JOTHAM CARHART.

P. S. I understand from a friend who has just come up from the city that it is the intention of the New York Horticultural Society, next year, to present the Victoria Regina or gigantic Cactus (lately exhibited in the pond at Tripler Hall—four feet across the leaf) to the graduating student who is heard the farthest.

Mr. JOTHAM CARHART presents his compliments to the editor of "To-Day" (a neat little octavo weekly sheet, published at Boston, U. S.), and regrets that, by the writing of a brief letter, he (J. C.) has established himself as a regular bug-bear to the editor of that valuable little paper. He begs leave also to inform the editor that Mr. Jotham Carhart is not the author of the letter in the July number of the "American Whig Review," addressed to Messrs. Harpers. Also that he (J. C.) will privately inform the editor of whatever he does

write, so that he may not unnecessarily run his head against a post of his own planting. J. C. begs leave to add that he should greatly regret if—by observing the undue and irrepressible zeal of "To-Day," in seconding his friends, the publishers, through thick and thin—any wickedly-disposed person should be inclined to forget his spelling-book and the hyphen so far as to insist that the correct name of the said valuable little octavo weekly Boston sheet is, in fact and truly pronounced, "Toady."

EXPLORATION OF THE AMAZON.

THE scientific exploration of the river Amazon, its tributaries, and the vast basin which it waters, undertaken under the auspices of the United States' Government, by Lieut. W. L. HERNDEN, of the Navy, has already received notice in our columns.

By the arrival of the United States' brig *Dolphin* at this port from a cruise in the South American waters, we have the pleasure of mentioning the return of Lieut. HERNDEN, and are enabled to sketch briefly the results of his interesting and valuable explorations.

Lieut. H. left Lima, on the Pacific coast, with a small party of exploration, in the month of May of last year. At Tuoma, a small city of Peru, situated between the east and west ranges of the Andes, Mr. H. divided his party, and directed his companion, Lieut. LARDNER GIBBON, with a guide and servant, to proceed to Cuzco, and, penetrating eastward from that city, endeavor to strike the head-waters of the "Purus," which is supposed to be navigable to that point. Failing in this, he was to turn south, and, passing through La Paz and Coca Bamba, in Bolivia, embark upon the Mamore, which is a tributary of the great river Madeira, and descending that river, join Mr. H. in Barro do Rio Negro. Mr. H. himself turned north, and passing through the great mining district of Cerro Pasco, and crossing the second range of the Andes, between that place and Huanaco, embarked upon the head-waters of the Huallaga, the first great southern tributary of the Amazon. Descending from the mouth of this river, he entered the Ucayali, the second great tributary, and ascended some three hundred miles to the missionary settlement of Sarayacu.

Mr. HERNDEN crossed the Cordillera at the pass of Antarangra, which, by barometric measurement, is 16,210 feet above the level of the sea. He then navigated in canoes a distance of about four thousand miles, and arrived in Para on the 11th of April of this year.

Lieut. H. describes his voyage as highly interesting, and speaks with enthusiasm of the surpassing fertility and valuable natural productions of the countries he passed through; he found a fine and salubrious climate, and describes the river as navigable for a draught of twelve feet for at least three thousand miles. Mr. GIBBON not having arrived at Barra, and it being impossible to ascertain how long he would be delayed in his voyage, Mr. HERNDEN, leaving further instructions for him, returned to the United States, where he will await his arrival. We hope to hear something more in detail of the little-known and interesting country explored by this accomplished officer.—*New York Times*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN PRISON.

THE following (from De Puy's *LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES*, to be published in a few days by Phinney and Co., Buffalo), refers

to the period succeeding the Prince's attack on Boulogne.

"Louis Napoleon was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, in the province of Picardy. It is one of the strongest citadels in France, and has, for centuries, been occasionally used for the confinement of prisoners of state. It was used by Louis Philippe, after the overthrow of Charles X. in 1830, for the incarceration of the ministers of the fallen monarch.

"At the commencement of his sojourn in the citadel of Ham, Louis Napoleon occupied the rooms which had been appropriated to Polignac, the minister of Charles X. These apartments were in a complete state of dilapidation, and comfort was as carefully excluded from this melancholy abode as light itself. No person was permitted to visit him, on any pretence, without a letter from the government at Paris, countersigned by the principal magistrate of Ham. His only servant, who had voluntarily entered the fortress with his master, was not allowed to leave it even to purchase articles for his subsistence or health. For some months Louis Napoleon patiently endured this rigor, and the privations of his daily allowance from the government of only a dollar and a quarter of our money: but in May, 1841, he addressed a protest from the citadel of Ham, complaining that in his person the usages of all nations, in the treatment of political offenders, were outrageously violated. The prisoner insisted that he was the son of a king, and allied to all the sovereigns in Europe; and that he derived his honors from the same source as Louis Philippe his throne—the sovereignty of the people; he referred to the fortitude with which he had borne twenty-seven years of proscription and exile, and complained that he was treated like an excommunicated person of the thirteenth century; that he was not allowed in his letters to his friends, to describe his condition; that a civility from the attendants in the prison was punished as a crime; and that he was exposed to numerous vexations that were not necessary for his safe custody. In this exposition, in which Louis Napoleon assumed the air of a martyr, he evidently had the advantage of the government, who, either yielding to the justice of his logic, or fearing to be accused of wanton inhumanity by their opponents, relaxed the detestable severity of his bondage. The condition of the captive was henceforth materially improved, and though he still inhabited the dilapidated chambers that had been occupied by the infamous minister of Charles X., his valet, Charles Thelin, was allowed free egress to the town, and upon the failure of his health, Louis Napoleon was permitted horse exercise within the limits of the yard. Jailors are proverbial reflectors of the powers they serve, and the commandant of the citadel now frequently, after shutting up the prison, retired to the prisoner's room to pass the evening at whist.

"Louis Napoleon passed a large portion of his time in intellectual pursuits. He rose early, and wrote until breakfast, at ten. He then walked on the ramparts, or cultivated a few favorite flowers. The remainder of the day was occupied in various studies. His evenings were passed in the society of his fellow-prisoner, General Montholon, or with the commandant. After his indignant protest in regard to his treatment, he was allowed to receive visitors, and many eminent men went to see the distinguished prisoner. His correspondence was quite extensive. In one of

his letters (to Lady Blessington) this remarkable passage occurs—"I have no desire to quit the spot where I now am, for here I am in my proper place. With the name I bear, I must either be in the seclusion of a dungeon, or in the brightness of power!" He corresponded with Arago, the astronomer, on scientific subjects, and with Sismondi, the historian, in regard to writing a life of Charlemagne."

SUNSET AT PATRAS.

BY M. A. RIGOPOULOS.

[The following fragment is translated from an unpublished work by M. A. Rigopoulos, a young poet and political writer of Greece, of whom we have recently spoken in our columns.]

At the hour when every man seeks to finish his daily labor, when his arm moves with redoubled force at the thought that a few minutes will bring him rest in the bosom of his family; the hour when the sun dips below the horizon, I find myself on the sandy shore.

The sea stretches out before me, and the sea knows me, because I was born in her arms,* because she was the first to hear my earliest cry. Her waves, remembering their little brother, come one after another over the white shells of the shore to caress my feet, and send to my afflicted heart a murmur so gentle, as if they would greet me, would say to me, "How well we remember your infancy, brother! Where hast thou been so long since then? Where hast thou rested so many nights? Why this shade of sadness on thy brow, why these tears in thine eyes? Where are the roses of thy cheeks, the smile of thy lips? Why hast thou not remained young like us? Why are you not the same as when you played with us? Ah! how well we remember your infancy, brother."

And these waves are in truth still young and fresh as if now first issuing from the hand of the Creator; and amid the deep sadness of my heart I find a sweet consolation in thinking that all things do not fade. If man, if the flowers wither and die with the breath of the wind and of grief; the sea, the mountains, and the stars, preserve their first splendor, their early smile. But if seas, mountains, and stars do not fade, how much less does virtue!

My glance wanders over the waves towards the delicious isles of the Ionian sea, and my soul flies to the mountains of Ithica, whose fresh breezes I inhaled when a child, whilst wandering among the gigantic ruins of these towers, where the faithful Penelope awaited in tears twenty years the wandering hero of the Trojan war. From thence my mother once showed me the mountains, gilded by the setting sun, of our country, which was fighting for liberty; and I have yet a vivid recollection of the hot tears falling from her angelic eyes. Oh! days of infancy, why are you so brief, or why at least do you not leave in our hearts serenity and peace?

It is among these mountains of Ithica, between the desert Echinades and Leucadia that the sun sinks to repose. The light of this setting offers all that the soul can conceive of gentleness and melancholy. The sky is at first suffused with a slight blush, and then reddens by degrees as the sun approaches the horizon. The sea, which is

usually at that hour in repose, is of a deep blue, tinged with gold. The Ionian isles, whose outlines are at all times strongly marked, then assume a tinge of golden blue, and stand out still more boldly from the sky, allowing us to distinguish their hills and gulfs, among which the sun descends, no longer shedding dazzling rays, no longer terrible, but calm and collected, although grander in appearance; sometimes resting on a hill top, it seems as if it were a golden fruit from the diamond gardens of the Genii of the East, or a vast comet whose radiant tresses have been submerged in the abyss; or from the surface of the waves to form a temple with golden arches, a Saint Peter's of Nature, from which you fancy that you hear the spirit of old Ocean speak of the mysteries of another world. And tiny clouds, edged with gold and purple, such as are usually hovering over these isles, float among its vaults like cherubim bearing the decrees of Heaven. Then from the bosom of the waves and of the zephyrs you hear profound and incomprehensible sounds, interrupted sighs, expiring psalmodes. You fancy that in such a scene some great action is going on. Then you place on the scene the most gentle of your dreams. There you fancy lies the land of happiness and love, the habitation of superior intelligences. You cannot resist such enchantments; your whole being is enraptured, and your soul in the midst of its infinite reveries of love, of separation, of torments, and of hopes, suffers now and then a sigh to escape. Surely the last song of hapless Sappho, when she committed to the waves her terrestrial beauties, and her soul soared to the skies; the song which was unheard by mortal, may be read in the scene before us. Divinity has written it with the sea, the mountains, and the sun—worthy monuments of such suffering and of such genius!

The last ray of the sun is now scarcely apparent on the horizon; but my heart is impelled to follow his course in my thoughts. Already have many gentle eyes bidden him adieu; already have my friends told him to rise with liberty over their unfortunate country. But alas! what chord have I touched!—one of sweet but sad recollections, for bitter is it to be separated from cherished friends! one of grief, even to a hoping heart, for what son of Greece can refrain from a sigh on beholding her sister Italy still groaning in chains? Farewell, oh sun! Salute, oh, salute for me the beautiful, the beloved country which once afforded me hospitality.

The sun has set; the twilight has also vanished. And now, while Hesperus is beginning to display her gentle light in the heavens, I enter the cemetery, but a few paces distant from the sea, where repose the remains of my beloved mother.

When God closes my earthly existence, happy shall I be, if I may find a grave between the tomb of my mother and my cradle the sea, facing that sublime and melancholy spectacle of the setting sun, which has so often charmed moments of my agitated life!

PATRAS, July, 1845.

VARIETIES.

EXPENSIVE FUEL.—On a late occasion Prince Albert honored the Royal Institution by taking the chair on the occasion of Professor Faraday's Lecture on Carbon, being the last of a

series on the non-metallic elements. For many instances, during the progress of the lecture, the theatre was illuminated by the combustion, in oxygen gas, of a somewhat expensive form of carbon—*videlicet*, the diamond! Specimens of diamond were also displayed which, having been tortured by the perverse chemistry of certain French philosophers, had lost their adamantine lustre, and were converted into coke. There they were, in a neat glass case, veritable bits of coke, treasured by the ingenious chemist much more than the original gem. One diamond of the series was particularly remarkable—only one end had been coked, the other being adamantine still—reminiscent of certain pictures, wherein sinning angels of light at the fall are represented with their resplendent wings just singed, preparatory to the assumption of that sooty aspect, so characteristic of evil spirits, in all true representations. The lecture being over, his Royal Highness entered into animated conversation with Professor Faraday, and left apparently much gratified.—*Weekly (London) News*.

THE SUMMER OF MY HEART IS FLED.

SONG.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

I.

The summer of my heart is fled,
Its sun is gone to rest,
And sends but lonesome shadows from
The hills that guard the West;
My eyes are weak for drouth of light—
My very pride is bowed—
My step is like some ghastly thing's
That wears too close a shroud.

II.

Behind the hills of Memory
I too, would, like the Sun
Fain glide, and gild the friendly side
That tends my death-couch on;
But I have far outlived my bliss,
In being ever blest
Beneath the genial summer of
The Sun that's in the West.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—H. W. H., of Cambridge, will see that his letter has been anticipated by J. G. C., in reference to the *Biographie Universelle*, in another column.

AMERICAN.

Among the novelties, Mr. PUTNAM has in preparation for Autumn publishing are, "A New England Tale, by Miss Sedgwick;" "An American Farmer in England," second series; "Head's Apuleius;" "A new Volume by Bayard Taylor;" "The Winter Garden, by Mrs. Kirkland;" "Experiences of a Yankee Stone-Cutter;" "A New Work on Japan;" "Layard's Further Researches;" "Thackeray's Miscellanies;" and "Transactions of the American Geographical Society."

Mr. J. H. COLTON, Map-publisher, 86 Cedar street, is preparing a new General Atlas. The maps will be large and many in number, and new and original, both in the projection and drawing. "The General Atlas of the World" will contain about eighty maps, several of them of double size. Each map will be accompanied by a letter-press description of the country represented by it, written by Dr. R. S. Fisher, who will consult the very latest sources of information. The price will be \$18. An "American Atlas" will be issued, containing about 50 maps, with letter-press, for \$12 50. Also a "Student's Atlas" of 12 or 15 maps, for schools and college classes.

We are pleased to note the frequent additions to the publishing and book houses of this country in the opening of branches of English establishments in this city and elsewhere. Messrs. Blackie and Son, among the most liberal of publishers we have found, and the largest firm in Glasgow, having branches in Edinburgh and London, opened recently the

* The author of this fragment was born in 1821, on the first day of the Greek Revolution, on the borders of the sea of Patras, at the time that the flames of the burning city were mounting to the skies.

† The author, at the time of writing the above, had but just returned to Greece, after a long journey in other portions of Europe, for the completion of his education.

store No. 117 Fulton street, for transacting an American business. Their catalogue contains excellent books on various subjects—such as "Stackhouse's History of the Bible;" "The Imperial Dictionary," with 2000 engravings; "Clark's Railway Machinery;" "The Engineer's Assistant;" Cyclopedias; Gazetteers; &c., and besides they do a large "number Trade."

Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER & Co. are preparing a catalogue of the contributions already sent in for their September Trade Sale.

Messrs. DUNIGAN & BROTHER have sent us No. 1 of a Family edition, in imperial quarto size, of the Douay or Haydock's Catholic Bible, of which they have just commenced the publication. Thirty-eight numbers will complete this edition. Each number will contain a fine new steel engraving. The specimen now before us equals, in the taste displayed in the details of printing and paper, the finest works yet from the press of this country, and the authenticity and correctness is vouched for by the certificate of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes. The Old Testament was first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609, and the New Testament at Rheims, A. D. 1582. These, with intermediate editions, were revised by Bishop Challoner in 1750-2, who added many valuable Notes. Lastly, the present edition was published in Great Britain, edited with the addition of the latest studies of learned men. It has long been out of print, and is now presented by the publishers as the only complete American edition. At the close of the preface there is given a list of one hundred and sixty-two commentators.

Messrs. R. E. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia, have commenced the re-publication of the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans," now so long out of print. The work contains 120 steel portraits, with complete letter press, and is to be finished in forty numbers, on or before the first of July, 1853. The first number was issued on the first of July. The second will be published on the 1st of August, and one number will be regularly issued every week thereafter. Each number will contain three portraits.

The "Metropolitan Magazine" is the title of a new paper, in quarto form, issued by Messrs. BARTRAM, PECK & Co., 102 Maiden Lane. It is handsome in appearance, and similar to the "Waverley Magazine" in contents.

The Home Journal says only a part of Mr. Willis's letters, descriptive of his recent travels in the South and West, will appear in weekly form. With returning health, Mr. Willis hopes to write out his notes and complete the account of the tour.

FOREIGN.

H. M. RATHBONE, the author of the "Diary of the Lady Willoughby," has now ready a real biography in the Life and Letters of her grandfather, RICHARD REYNOLDS, of Bristol, a member of the Society of Friends, and one whose name was long identified throughout England with acts of princely beneficence and charity. The author of "Letters to My Unknown Friends," has a new work nearly ready, entitled "The Saints our Example."

Mr. ALSON has just had the honor of a Baronetcy conferred upon him.—By the Will of the lately deceased Poet, THOMAS MOORE, the literary guardianship of his papers was bequeathed to his friend LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who had kindly assented to the charge, for the benefit of Mrs. MOORE. Their publication is now announced by the Messrs. LONGMANS, and it is estimated will make as many as ten volumes. It is stated, upon good authority, says the London Publishers' Circular, that the liberal amount of £3,000 has been paid for the copyright. . . . Mr. COOLEY has a new volume of travels in preparation, presenting a general view of Central Africa, with the discoveries of mis-

sionaries in the Eastern parts, and tracing the communication between the East and West Coasts.

MERLE D'AUMONÉ, has nearly ready the fifth volume of his "History of the Reformation;" it will, as in the case of the last volume, appear first in England, and will bring the history down to a period most interesting and momentous, viz. the time of CALVIN and the commencement of the Reformation in England. The "Grenzboten" of Leipzig has an article of much discrimination and just criticism on the relative merits of the two great American authors of the present time—Longfellow and Hawthorne.

A translation of Mr. Forsyth's recent work on the "History of Trial by Jury," is announced for publication in Germany.

Mr. MURRAY announces for his Railway Library—"Literary Characters selected from Hallam's Literary History," "Joan of Arc," by LORD MAHON, and "The Fall of Jerusalem," by DEAN MILMAN.

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